

The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent reader or housewife, the contents of this single page from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

THE HOME.

LIVING BY THE DAY.

There is a system in great favor with those who have given up the great concerns of life, and are doing what may be summed up as "living by the day." This consists in simply doing whatever comes to hand in the best manner possible, and behaving as well as may be under the circumstances. The women who settle into this plan of life have necessarily no other. There is no goal to be struggled for, no high ambition to be steadily lived up to. "I don't in the least see why women adopt this plan," said a brilliant woman the other day. "Why should they? They have sense enough for other methods if they only stopped to think." Admitted, but how many women do stop to think? They spend whole lives in the endless repetition of small daily duties, and never face their problems as a whole to find whether they could not as a whole be bettered. "Duty performed is a rainbow in the sun," no doubt; but there are duties and duties, and more ways than one to perform. For instance it is a man's duty to "support his family," but he is certainly justified in doing it in the best and easiest way and in giving due thought and time to the discovery of what that way is. It is a woman's duty no less to care for her children, but she is equally justified in doing it in the best and easiest way, and in trying to find out what that way may be. Indeed, it must be said that they are equally culpable in not doing their respective work in the best and easiest way, if it is possible for them.

Not long ago a pregnant weakly printed a little cry, pathetic in its quality, from a house-mother who complained that she had been at work the whole day and done nothing; only "sewed a little," tended a fretful baby, and "picked up" after the children. She was patriotically reassured by the editor, but she could not possibly have done better; that it was the patient performance of these daily duties which made the wheels of life run smoothly. But such methods of doing duty are like the methods of aboriginal agriculture compared with a steam plow. The duty to raise food is the same, but it is not better to do it easily, cheaply and successfully than to scratch the ground with a stick, and waste human life in labor which is half a failure. That weary house-mother had duties, certainly noble ones; but her methods were as certainly primitive and futile. How is she ever to reconsider or change her plans if she is plodding along with her eyes on her footstep and never looks ahead? I am afraid—though it seems hard to say it of such noble conscientiousness that it is easier to live by the day than to lay wise plans of foresight as to the life to come and follow them.

Let us try to get to the bottom of this. Is there not less responsibility in saying, "We're all poor critters," and living accordingly, than in setting ever ahead of ourselves noble ideals, and then struggling till we reach them? You say, "We can't plan ahead; we do not know what may happen." Nobody knows what may happen, but if nobody planned ahead, we would still be living in hollow trees. Nothing ventures, nothing haves! Arrange for a noble and successful life, and work for it; then, if you fall, you have at least accomplished something. But to live always in one place because you are afraid if you start for another you may not get there is no way to progress. Remember that, although you only count one day and live by that, the days do not remain; but add up together in months and years and lifetimes, and at the end you can look back on a path, helpful life, patiently leading its way through woods which it might have cut down; patiently climbing up mountains which it might have gone around; patiently descending chasms which it might have bridged; patiently carrying burdens which it turned out quite useless when they were brought to the goal at last. And all because the traveler had never stopped to climb a tree or consult a chart to measure relative distances and judge of crooks and vehicles, but plodding on afoot, following his nose and the north star! Laudable, perhaps, for its dogged devotion, but just as much a hopeless, inexorable waste of life.

Now suppose we suggest to the weary housemother that she look not only at today, but at yesterday and tomorrow; that she consider ultimate duties as well as immediate ones, and think well if she is really doing the best for her sacred charge by the monotonous immolation of a human life. For instance, her care of that fretful baby—was it such as to help it to cease to fret? Is her "picking up" after the children's going to teach them to pick up for themselves; or, still better not to leave things about? Was that sewing and mending all necessary at that particular time? The whole gain of our civilization lies in bending the present need to the future; in accepting present loss for future gain; in taking long and longer chances.

Now at once comes the question, how we see to bring about the frame of mind? This daily grind of petty care is wearing out our women by the million. Are we sure it is the best, the only way to live? If we women were to study these duties of ours more scientifically, more as a whole, instead of whitening away our lives over the separate parts, we should accomplish far more, and it would cost us far less. Difficult? Yes; and makes another cruel truth for you—we women who talk so much of our "secret duties" and their enormous importance, never learn our trades; we are not masters, not even skilled workmen, but simple day-laborers, clinging blindly to our one virtue—the humble doing what we are told; the slavish petition to plod on at our unlearned tasks till we drop in the harness; the brainless resignation to living day by day.—The Watchman.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

It is very essential that the education of each and every one should not be superficial, but practical. The mind must be so trained that it will become habitual to think right. The early training of the child forms an important part of the mother's duty, yet how many of our girls who are to become wives and mothers give even one thought to the necessity of fitting themselves to the position? Do we not constantly meet parents who wholly ignore the necessity of preparing their girls for the important place they must take in life? Generally speaking, when a daughter succeeds, to the satisfaction of her parents, in capturing an excellent suitor, the great climax is reached. Her education is complete; she enters upon her new life as wife and feels she has accomplished her purpose satisfactorily. But the man who wanted a helpmate finds he has only a pretty play thing—just a mindless doll—and upon such an awakening who can wonder that misery ensues?

Hilbert a girl's education has consisted of scarcely anything but accomplishments, but she is now entering upon an era when women no longer which to be slaves to others' ideas, to be mere recipients of certain facts without understanding them. They want to be so taught that they will be capable of judging for themselves. The ornamental education only does not, and cannot, prepare the girl for her position. She must be the counterpart of man, an ever-ready help in the time of trouble. What a describable satisfaction to the true wife to be enabled to enter into business worries—to be the one to whom the husband can go to with his joys and his cares!

Our girls should be so trained that they can meet both the storms and the sunshine of life. There is no better remedy for foolish and idle thoughts than sound and deep study of the practical side of life. Most of the discontent existing among our girls is due to want of healthy occupation. Painting, music, dancing and singing are excellent studies, but these might be taken as a recreation. A girl whose hunger for knowledge is appeased by these light foods becomes affected, lacks logical and helpful, and as soon as her first great difficulty presents itself she becomes dependent; her latent energy, never being called forth, refuse to work. On the other hand, one who has battled occasionally with the practical realities in her studies will overcome her trials, surmount her difficulties, and will regard them as stepping stones to a higher, better and purer life.

No girl's education is complete without an knowledge of the current literature. She must be taught to have too high an opinion of herself to degrade the noble powers of the mind by deprecating trash. (In fact we should all be too proud to abuse our intellects.) She must be well acquainted with the authors and with the careful training she has received, is quite competent to select what she needs for her rational recreation. It is no common occurrence to find a bright vivacious girl perusing some classical work, while a more studious girl will select some light literature with which to spend her leisure hours.—Sel.

TREATMENT FOR POISON.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overindulged the stomach, an instantaneous remedy is required, and applicable in a larger number of cases than half a dozen medicines, is a heaping teaspoon of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teaspoon of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there should be any remnant of a poison, however small, let the water of an egg or a teaspoon of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops.

THE NORMAL EYE.

The normal eye is far-sighted. The mammalia have this kind of an eye; the Indian, the same. The white man is fast becoming near-sighted. The civilized Indian is also showing the effects of continuous near work, and now the question arises: What are we to do to prevent further deterioration of vision? The fault lies at our own doors. Let us try to correct these now existing evils, so that future generations will, instead of cursing us, thank us for our wisdom.

A FELON CURE.—It is a remarkable remedy. Take the yolk of an egg and an equal quantity of strained honey; one tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, freshly drawn, and one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. Mix well and thicken with flour to the consistency of a thin paste. Spread upon the sore thinly and cold. It takes heat with astonishing power and draws matters to a crisis rapidly—even extracts the feverish blood itself, half formed into pus, and makes clean work with felonial fingers. Every one ought to know it.

For Biliousness—Minard's Family Pills  
Minard's Family Pills are purely vegetable.

WHY SHOULD SHE?

Simple Shorthand is very interesting and more easily learned than any of the other and older systems. I studied the Pitman before "Snell's" and can see a great difference between the two. I would not go back to the Pitman's system after having learned Simple Shorthand.

MAIO L. SMITH, Truro, N.S.  
S. B. SNELL  
Truro, N.S.

THE FARM.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF FARM LIFE.

That the average farmer's life is not exactly a bed of roses few will deny. But that it has its bright side is not to be disputed. Among the advantages held by the farmer over any other laboring class may be mentioned his independence. With his comfortable dwelling, well filled barns and cellars, the modern farmer is absolutely the most independent of human beings. Financial questions which the nation may be worrying itself about affect him but little. Labor strikes, which involve thousands of dollars and nearly all classes of men, pass him by unheeded.

It is impossible to find another business or profession which is less dependent upon the patronage or favor of others. He knows that if he raises more of any kind of produce than he requires for his own use he will be able to dispose of it, because his products are the necessities of life. In place of being dependent upon others he has the satisfaction of knowing that the whole world is dependent upon him. This independence is shown in many other forms. He is not compelled, as many others are, to rise at a certain hour and labor a certain number of hours each day under the directions of others until he becomes simply a piece of machinery, without thought or feeling of his own. But, instead, his work is performed as he thinks best and at whatever time he may consider most suitable.

Neither is he worried by the fear of losing his situation, as many a one who is employed by others is bound to be at one time or another. His position is secure, and he knows that with a fair season his recompense is assured. Looking at the bright side of farm life from another standpoint: No one ever passed a fine farm in midsummer and did not envy its owner. The picturesque surroundings, the well kept fields and pastures, the fine horses and sleek cattle, the general air of peace and prosperity which hover over a well appointed farm. At this season, however, inspired poets have caused many men in other walks of life to become farmers, and many of the wrecks along the country roadside were caused by men who had better have remained in other walks of life.—Denver Field and Farm.

HORNS OR NO HORNS.

In the cattle they are to handle people seem to have a leaning of late years to the idea of no horns. It is a conceded fact, too, that this disposition to be quiet among themselves goes a long way toward securing the comfort and good condition that lead to profit in the handling of cattle. This preference for cattle with the horns off is evidenced in the growing popularity of the hornless breeds of beef cattle, and also in the disposition to remove the horns from steers that are to be fed in bunches for the market. We may be allowed to venture the opinion, too, that this new departure would have taken a still faster hold upon feeders in the last few years if low prices had not cast a gloom upon the feeding industry. With better prices and a better feeling pervading cattle circles we predict that the deboning practice will receive a new impetus. The question does not resolve itself into one of breeds but into one of methods only. If it is true that cattle do better with their horns off it is a conceded fact, too, that this disposition to remove them and at small cost, so that we may expect to see the practice more than ever popularized in the next few years to come.—Nebraska Farmer.

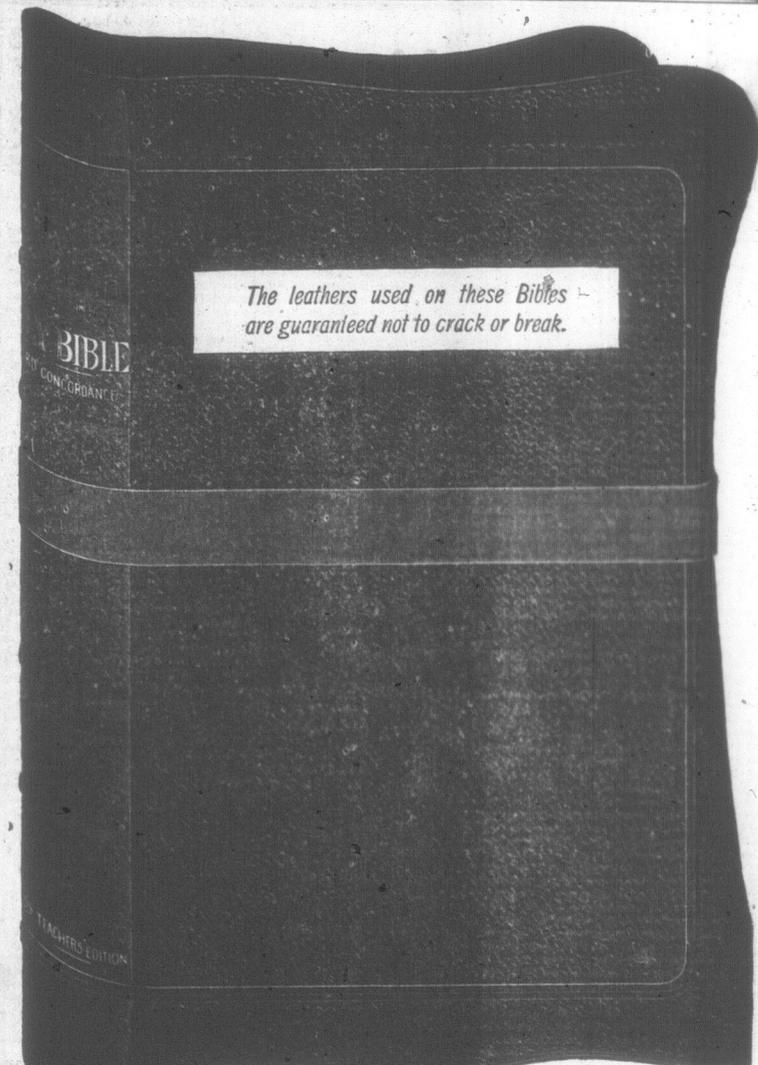
SAFE BARBIRE FENCE.

Plough a furrow on the line of the fence and let it lie. Plough another and throw it upon and beyond the first one with a shovel. Now plough back and forth in the ditch, shoving the soil upon the bank until the slope from the top of the ridge to the bottom of the ditch is some three feet long. If good flat stones are at hand, smooth of the top of the bank and lay a course or two, making a single wall a foot, say, in height. Drive the points through the bank so the wire will be in line with it, and put on the wire. Stock will see this kind of fence much easier than where smooth ground runs up to a d under and beyond it, and erect the wire strung between distant posts. Such a bank with or without stones is very permanent, both bank and ditch soon grassing over. It is a short job to make it, every shovelful of dirt counts twice for the ridge it makes and the hole it leaves, and the cattle always suppose the depth of the ditch is part of the height of the fence. I have a bank like this made ten years ago which now carries three barwires on posts held apart by the top wire, and about four feet from the top of the ridge, and the slanting line from it to the bottom of the ditch is six feet long, it thus being far above the cows' heads. The chance that stock will ever come in violent contact with these bars is almost, indeed, at least it has not happened as far. My stock think barwire fence a good thing to keep away from entirely.—E. S. Gilbert.

IN DEEP DESPAIR.

A Montrealer Relates His Wonderful Experience.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was Operated Upon Without Success.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When All Other Medicines Failed. From the Montreal Herald. Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles F. Poirer, Inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Aqueduct street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently,



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and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while scuffling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I realized, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in a physician, who prescribed,

where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flesh of health, shone back in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation, is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this great medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

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BEACH'S STOMACH and LIVER PILLS.

Are the ideal Family Medicine in Pills. Small, sugar-coated, and therefore easy to take, pure, non-stimulant, mild but prompt and safe Laxative, restoring the

to healthy action, thus curing Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Headache, Dizziness, Painful Urination. Sold only in bottles, 25 cents at all dealers.

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Caught in a Storm on the Clyde.

but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M.D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again, but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but could not cure that strange bloody disease of my urine.

"Finally I went to work 'for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago. My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while scuffling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I realized, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in a physician, who prescribed,

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